John Allan Dec 1874

A Facetious

POEM

In Imitation of the

Cherry and Slae,

Giving account of the Entertainment LOVE and DESPAIR got in the Highlands of SCOTLAND; Revealed in a Dream to one in purſuit of his ſtoln Cows.

By *G. G.* of *S.*

Aut prodeſſe volunt aut delectare Poëtæ. Horat.

MUSEUM

EDINBURGH,
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IT was in *August*, on a night,
The day or week I know not right,
I'm loath to miſtake it.
Some *high-land* Men did ſteal my Cows,
Some of them had, ſome wanted Trews.
Some of them half nakit.
I followed faſt; but oh in vain,
I could not them ov'rtake.
The night was dark with heavie rain,
Until the day did break:
So troting and ſtoting
I wraſtled with the ſhowr,
As I am a true *Scots-Man*,
I count from that ill hour.

2.

With toile and travel ſore oppreſt,
At laſt I layd me down to reſt.
A little on the graſs,
It was in view of *Bedenyon*.
A prettie houſe that's built of ſtone,
Where ſleep did me oppreſs.
With countenance both meek & mild,
Above me on the brae.
Appeared *Montgomrie* who compyl'd.
The *Cherie* and the *Slae*.
By's image his Viſage,
Right quickly then I knew,
Who raved and grieved,
With *Cupids* wings he flew.

To

3.

To ask at him then I began,
As if he'd been, a living Man,
What after ye shall hear,
My body it was drowned deep.
Into a dead and heavie sleep,
When these things did appear.
I'l give account of what I saw:
To those who please to give ear,
Till *Morpheus* did, from me withdraw,
And I awaked with fear,
I blessed and kissed.
And viewd *Montgomrie* round,
Then walked and talked.
I fancied, as write down.

4.

Tell me *Montgomrie* was it here,
To thee *Apollo* did appear.
When he gave thee a gift,
Of peeping *Poems* at thy will.
And mask the matter with such skil,
As few perceave thy drift?
Was't here, that he gave thee a *Muse*,
Such as he thought most fit.
Or did he suffer thee to chuse,
Out of the nyne, to wit,
The faireſt and deareſt.
From him thou surely got,
It's knowen and thowen.
well by thy mirthful note.
I mean,

5.

I mean was't here at *Badenyon*,
Where first thou hade juſt cauſe to groan.
By reaſon of thy wound,
And was it here that thou did ly.
When *Cupid* ſprang up throw the sky,
And left thee on the ground?
The various objects for the eye,
Make me ſuppoſe it ſo.
The proſpect of the *Lady-lee*,
And *Buchet* cold as ſnow.
With crouting and routing,
It runs ſo throw the plain.
The Mountains and Fountains,
As if it meand to drain.

6.

Here's many kinds of flying fowls.
Here's *pys* and *crows*, & *gleads* and *owls*.
The *heath-hen* and her *cook*,
The *hare* goes hirpling ov'r the hill.
The *Otter* creeps out from his bills.
The *Fox* and Birſlie *Brock*. (ther
he ſpeckled *fawn* haps throw the hea-
Amongſt the bircken braes.
Betwixt *Glenochtie* and the *Ladder*,
Runs many fearful Raes.
With ſtending and bending,
They jump from brook to burn.
So lightly and ſprightly,
The'l neither ſtand nor turn.

The

7.

The bearded buck bleads throw his throat,
Calling the gray & grisli e goat.
The white, the black, the brown,
Whereof some from the rookie caves,
When they have pull'd both barks and leaves.
The tender twist do prun,
Some snatch the serpents with their teeth.
A wonder to be told,
And eat them up like grass forsooth.
Yet poysonous tho cold,
With greed ay, they feed ay,
On this uncleanly beasts.
Transforming next morning,
Their substance fit for feasts.

8.

A stately castle stands upon,
A little hill call'd *Badenyon*.
Adorn'd as a *Floras* gown,
The hills that's round stryve all to be,
Neareſt, this prittie house to see,
Each rumbling other down.
And some look ov'r the others head,
The *Badenyon* to view.
All in their fineſt coulors clade,
Are of a heartsome hew.
Excelling in smelling,
Where busie bees do rove.
With huming and buming,
Into the birken grove.

9.

The waters which ſpring from the deep,
When thro' the earthie veins they creep.
Out to the open air,
They flow ſo faſt from hill and heath,
That oft they run quite out of breath.
To ſee the fields ſo fair, (ground
Some take the plain and ſmootheſt
To get ſight of this place.
Some take the neareſt can be found.
So headlong is their race,
With tumbling and rumbling,
As if they were at feud,
For haiſt ay almaiſt ay.
Each drop breakes others head.

10.

There is a well into this ſtrath.
Where *Venus* fair came here to bath,
Her ſelf down from the skys.
And *Cupid* came with gilded wings:
To waſh them in thes criſtal ſprings,
And criſp that vail'd his eyes.
I was amaz'd to ſee them two,
My fleſh roſe from the bone.
But was reſolv'd before they'd go,
To ſpeak with both or one,
So hinting and minting,
I offer'd oft to that,
With ſtutring and mutring.
Would ſpeak but knew not what.

11.

Then courage took me by the fist,
Tush Man quoth he, speak what thou list.
To woman or to child.
Wit coming in before my face,
With visage sharp and full of grace.
Said, stand, you'l be beguild,
Courage is good to go with thee.
What ever may betyd,
Without *Experience* and me.
Unfit to be a guid,
Too forward or coward.
Good *Reason* does despyse,
My product and conduct.
Shall ever gain the praise.

12.

Then old *Experience* appears, I
Adorn'd with his respectful years.
And *Skill* practis'd in Schools,
Quoth he such hazard have I seen.
Your years, Sir, are but few and green,
I use to teach such fools.
If you resolve to speak with those,
That woman and her son.
You must be fenc'd gainst subtile foes,
For fear you be undone.
Your *Pleasure* you'l measure,
And *Weigh* with *Wit* and *Skill*.
Repenting, Lamenting,
Will scarce redress your ill,

MEAR

13.

Mean while fair *Venus* caſt an eye,
And ſaw *Experience* ſtand by.
And both the other two, (ſtrength.
Quoth ſhe my charms will have no
I was a fool to come this length.
Cupido child we'l go.
Experience tels ſomewhat true,
And with him *Wit* and *Skill*.
Than water foam whereof I grew.
They count me lighter ſtill,
My charms now, as harms now.
They reckon and they boaſt,
Thy Shooting's but flooting.
When theſe Men rule the roaſt.

14.

Before you go, quoth I fair queen,
From whence come you, where have you been.
Have you your errand miſt? (been.
From hills ſaid ſhe with ſparkling eyes,
From Mountains which ore-top the ſkys.
Where I could not ſubſiſt,
For want of that ſhould me convoy.
Ceres and *Bachus* heat.
Both I and this my winged Boy,
Were forc'd to take retreat,
So coldly, yet boldly,
Theſe *Gluttons* ſent me thence.
My ſnairs now ſcarce ſerv's now,
Eyn for my own defence.

To

To my devots I will go down,
Who me adore in brugh & Town.
And do reforme the Nation,
In each ſtration great and ſmal.
I'l patroniſe them, ſeing all,
Are of my vocation.
They hate no want, and ſo do I.
But lead a mirrie Life.
Damne *Fame* and Honour we'l comply,
With paſſion make no ſtriſe.
Thei'r counted, demented,
Who begs and may go gay.
At leaſure take pleaſure.
Come after what ſo may.

16.

To paiuted pleaſur's, ſhe preſents.
Quoth wit, no wiſe Man e'r conſent.
Or makes himſelf a *Slave*,
To paſſions, which if once poſſeſt.
Off the moſt great *Heroick* breaſt.
Oft wain's it to the grave,
And does imped the noble deeds.
True valour might produce.
Quoth *Courage* with what *Fancie* feeds,
Some time we'l may take truce.
So ſcant now, for want now,
Of *Courage* is your wit.
I deem Sir yan ſeem Sir.
In truth, quite out of it.

17.

What is't I pray you that more can,
Raise noble thoughts in *Mortal* Man.
Than love and be loved?
How many *Gallant* boldly fight.
For love and thereby keeps the right,
Which else had been remov'd.
Reciprocaly *Love* and *Honour*,
As most examples shows.
Each one is the others *doner*.
Experience he knows,
Now stay then I pray then.
Tho' fond *Narcissus* fell,
I'm bold yet to hold yet.
I'l drink into a well.

18.

Then said *Experience* be-ware,
I trove vveev'e talkt and gone as far.
As reason will allow,
Fy on Quoth *Curage*. do not fear.
For all *loves charms* we scorn to care,
We'l neither break nor bow.
Yet after *Love* in ragged weed,
Se here comes down *Dispair*.
Yea quoth *Experience* indeed,
He's very often there.
Maltreathing with freting,
All those he can posses.
His cure ay is dear ay,
Ne'r makes the sickness less,

Quoth

19.

Quoth witt we'leall him here & see,
To learn what may the matter be.
Puts him in ſuch diſguiſe
I ſee his cloaths & fleſh all rent.
Like one whoſe Judgement is out ſpent,
He's rather wood than wiſe.
Come here ſweet Sir your many ſcars,
And skin both black and blew,
Tells us you have been at the Wars,
How hapned this to you?
Such dangers are ſtrangers.
To your faint heart poor thing,
Recoiling from toiling.
Before it wee l begin,

20.

Deſpair ſat down upon a ſtone,
With heavie heart and griveous moan.
His face as black as coal,
quot he I'l never get again.
Wherewith my Life I can ſuſtain,
Ah hide me in ſome hole.
Now all the Men into this land.
They are ſo wondrous nyſe,
So long as they mny ſtep or ſtand,
They'l no take my advice.
And ſay Sir. can they Sir,
In ſpight or ſham or plot.
portun good Fortuue,
Whither it will or not,

21.

Quoth I *dispair* what brought thee here
It seems this voyage hath cost thee
But tells more of thy news, dear.
O Sir said he goodeen, goodeen
I think that you'l me entertain.
When you think on your cows,
Quoth I go pack you rogue be gone,
With me you's not be stay'd.
When law and reason dwels at home,
Hope says I'le be repay'd.
Go profer and offer,
Your service to another,
The *Deil* Sir in hel Sir.
Or such one his brother.

22.

Quoth he, these two did me imploy,
Wherof I reap more grief than joy,
As weel doth now appear.
They sent me to the *high-lands* then,
There went With me four other Men.
Dread, danger, doubt and Fear,
We scarce had entred in thes bounds,
When both from Man and Wife.
The other four got *Mortal* wounds,
where thro' they lost their life.
With panting and fainting,
My heart gave't often ov'r.
Expecting such greeting,
As got the other four.

23.

But there despight was most at me,
They'd neither let me live nor die.
Alas that I them saw, (there.
Despair said they what brought him
Hang him quoth one what needs you
And wanting Doom or Law. (spear,
You see my ears are drawn so long,
Till they hang ov'r my cheek,
Of all my cloaths there's not one strong
To hide my Martird breech,
Like *Turks* Sir with *Durks* Sir,
They pricked all my hips.
My tooth then for tooth then,
They boxt out thow my lips.

24.

This did not satisfie their wrath,
They twind a wand to stut my breath.
And needs would me go hang,
It was ill made such was their hatte,
Which help me much, or else assault,
I think I hade gone wrong.
The *Loop* by chance was not so clos'd,
By two inch to my throat.
For hade it run as they suppos'd,
I was not worth a groat.
Thus wanring and caping,
They left me on a *Tree*,
What reck then my neck then.
knew well what weight I be,

25.

But by came *Cacus* common thief !
He was the first gave me relief.
When I was almost dead,
By chance he did perceive my hat.
The *High-landers* car'd not for that.
But left it on my head,
For greed of which he cut me down,
So hinting it in hand.
He found two Guinues in the Crown,
And an oblidging band.
Which *Rodger* the forger.
Both gave and granted me,
And's Oath Sir in truth Sir,
He should my servant be.

26.

Quoth I with patience we have heard,
Thy haples harms and woeful weird.
But how came thou away,
Quoth he whilst I hade strength did stand.
I creep at last on foot and hand,
And wandr'd till't was day,
But then *I* saw come ov'r a know.
Fair Venus and her child.
With emptie bag and broken bow,
As *I*, they were beguild.
For scarce Sir would Mars Sir,
That furious Good of *Wars*.
Divert him or sport him,
One [illegible]t for her snares.

He

27.

He was ſo buſie drawing out,
Batalions for a warlick bout.
That ſhe could nor be heard,
To Vulcan ham'ring bleads and brands.
Each one as broad as both my hands;
She never once appeard.
There was no fewel for her fire,
Blind *Cupid* ſhot in vain.
Since all loves flams did there expyre,
She'l never go again,
Deſpearing and fearing.
There never well to fare.
Thence baniſht, ſhe vaniſht,
Like Smoak into the Air.

28.

So I came hirpling after her.
Yet leaſurly my limbs I ſtir.
I'm gall'd ſo with my wounds,
Now I'l begon I think it beſt.
Since I am hated, like the peſt,
By all men in theſe bounds.
Th' aſpyring Sparke when Money's gone,
The ploder or ſome ſuch.
The brain ſick-lover left alone,
Will entertain me much.
Deviſes give pryces,
If they be ſeeming fair.
The laſt ay, in haſte ay,
Is drawn from me *Deſpair*.

29.

Then he roſe up & raxd a while,
Experience began to ſmile.
And ſaid go when you will,
So then in haſte away he went.
His eyes caſt down and disconte
We did not keep him ſtill
Quoth I a hundred thouſand ti

I wonder that ſome men,
Commit the worſt and baſeſt crimes,
Where truth and Honour then,
Not fearing men ſwearing.
Their [illegible] to God and man,
Pretend great mending.
Yet [illegible] ill they can.

30.

Ha Quoth *Experience*, you'r Young,
You know no better hold your tongue.
It's now as heretofore,
Both truth and Honour they'l neglect,
Man will do much in each reſpect.
But money will do more,
In Holy Scriptures it is told
For greed of little gain.
Both God and Man in one was ſold,
Where is your wonder then.
Deſpairing and carcing,
Then *Judas* went to Hell.
Their tending and ending,
I trow one may well tell.

31.

Thus I awakt and looking round,
None of them preſent there I found,
Who did to *me* appear,
Then ruminating in my mind.
The fraility of *Humen* kind,
And toſs'd 'twixt *Hope* and *Fear*.
What I fancied in my ſleep.
My memorie retains.
I thought the ſame that I might keep.
To write the ſureſt means,
Which ſtorie for glory.
[illegible]y't ever tend,
[illegible] of Honour,
All [illegible] without end.

F I N I S.

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